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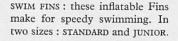
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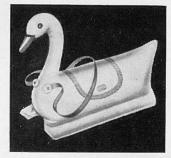


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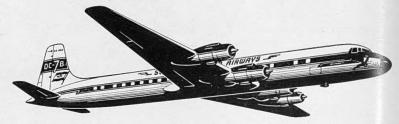
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# The AAAAAA

MISS FRANCES SWEENY is the daughter of Mr. Charles Sweeny and of the Duchess of Argyll. She was one of the prettiest débutantes last year and divides her time between Inveraray Castle, the Duke of Argyll's seat in Scotland, and her mother and stepfather's house in Upper Grosvenor and stepfather's house in Upper Grosvenor Street; she enjoys riding and playing tennis, Her portrait on the cover of The TATLER this week was commissioned by her father and painted by Raymond L. Skipp, M.A. It is executed in oil tempera mixed to an old Venetian formula used also by Pietro Annigoni. Mr. Skipp has served in the Navy and studied at the Slade after coming down from Cambridge

### DIARY OF THE WEEK

From July 25 to August 1

July 25 (Wed.) The Queen attends the International Horse Show.

Doll Exhibition in aid of Poliomyelitis Research. Exhibition Hall, Selfridges (to August 11). Racing at Kempton Park (two days).

July 26 (Thur.) Princess Margaret takes the salute at the Sovereign's Parade at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst.

Cricket: Fourth Test match, England v. Australia, at Old Trafford, Manchester (to 31st). International Horse Show Ball at the Hyde Park

July 27 (Fri.) Cricket: The Royal Fusiliers v. the Household Brigade at Hurlingham.
Princess Alexandra attends the West Riding

S.S.A.F.A. Ball at Harrogate.

Dances: Lady Cynthia Asquith for Miss Annabel Asquith, Stanway House, Gloucestershire; Mrs. Richard Bott for Miss Jennifer Bott at Benington Lordship, Herts; Mrs. Mould Graham for Miss Joanna Mould Graham at Fawdon House, Newcastle-upon-Tyne; Mrs. Powell Edwards for Miss Antonia Powell Edwards and Miss Virginia Powell Edwards at Novington Manor, Plumpton, Sussex.

Racing at Hurst Park and Thirsk (both two days).

July 28 (Sat.) The Duchess of Kent presents Colours to the 1st Battalion, The Royal Fusiliers, at the H.A.C. Grounds.

Tennis: Club Championship finals at Hurlingham. Polo: Final of the Midhurst Town Cup at Cowdray. National Motor Cycle Meeting at Aintree.

Dances: Viscountess Leverhulme for the Hon. Susan Lever, Thornton Manor, Thornton Hough, Cheshire; Mrs. Leonard Whitbread for Miss Ann Whitbread, Abbotts Hill, Abbotts Ann, near Andover; Mrs. Frederick Horne for Miss Rosamund Horne, Mash Court, Westwell, near Ashford, Kent.

July 29 (Sun.) Polo: Final of the Cowdray Park Gold Cup at Cowdray.

July 30 (Mon.) The Queen and Prince Philip visit Chichester.

Polo at Cowdray: Quarter finals, Harrison Cup. First nights: Caesar And Cleopatra at the Old Vic.

Doctor In The House at the Victoria Palace. Tennis: Slazengers Professional Tennis Tournament, Scarborough (to August 4).

Racing at Alexandra Park (one day) and Birmingham (two days).

July 31 (Tues.) Goodwood Meeting (four days).

The Catholic Public Schools Ball at the Hyde Park Hotel.

August 1 (Wed.) Horse Shows: The Cheltenham Horse Show. Arab Horse Society Show, Roehampton (two

days).

Polo at Cowdray.
Cricket: Rugby v. Marlborough at Lord's.
First night: The Long Echo at the St. James's Theatre.

Racing: Goodwood Stakes.

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Lenare

### A young Churchill makes his bow

THE Marchioness of Blandford is seen with her small son, Charles Edward Spencer-Churchill, Earl of Sunderland, who is just seven months old. Before her marriage in 1951, Lady Blandford was Miss Susan Mary Hornby, only daughter of Mr. M. C.

St. J. Hornby and Mrs. Hornby, of Pusey House, Faringdon, Berks. Her husband, who is the eldest son and heir of the tenth Duke of Marlborough, has served in the Life Guards. Lord and Lady Blandford live at Lee Place, Charlbury in Oxfordshire



### A TALENTED LINGUIST

MISS CARLOTTA HORTON is the only daughter of Col. Gray Horton, M.C., and is seen here at her London home in Gloucester Square. Miss Horton was presented by her stepmother this year, and had a most successful coming-out dance given for her earlier in the season at the Ironmongers' Hall. Among her other interests she is a keen student of modern languages

### Social Journal

### Jennifer

### THE QUEEN ATTENDS A DEBUT

The coming-out dance which the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk gave for their eldest daughter, Lady Anne Fitzalan-Howard, at St. James's Palace (by permission of the Queen), will undoubtedly be remembered as the most brilliant ball of the season, perhaps of the decade. As Earl Marshal and Hereditary Marshal of England (an office he inherited at the early age of nine) which entails the arranging of Coronations and most State occasions, the Duke has gained the reputation of being an outstandingly brilliant organizer, and the ball, which was dignified and magnificent without any pomposity or ostentation, was arranged with great efficiency.

The stately rooms, filled with lovely homegrown flowers from Arundel Castle, many of which had been banked up and arranged by the Duke's own gardeners, made a unique setting. A dance floor had been laid in the Queen Anne state drawing-room where, as in the other rooms, huge portraits of Royal ancestors adorned the red brocade walls. A long buffet had been arranged in an adjacent

state room and guests could stroll on through the Throne Room and other rooms of the Palace, all with their long windows wide open overlooking the garden, until they reached the staircase which led down to the lawn.

ANOTHER large dance floor had been laid here in a yellow and white marquee which was open all down one side facing the Palace, and nearby little tables were arranged on the lawn where guests could sit (happily it was a warm evening) and enjoy the beauty of the garden with its magnificent herbaceous borders and trees, cleverly floodlit. The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, the latter very good looking in an aquamarine-blue faille dress with a fine tiara, received their guests in front of a bank of flowering plants in the Armoury. With them greeting their friends was their daughter Anne, a sweet girl with tremendous charm, who was wearing a silver and crystal embroidered white tulle dress.

Before the dance the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk gave a dinner party in St. James's Palace, at which the Queen, Prince Philip, the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Kent and Princess Alexandra were among the guests. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester gave a dinner party for the ball, and came on later with their guests, and the Princess Royal dined and came on to the Palace with the Earl and Countess of Rosebery—the latter is the Duchess of Norfolk's mother

Her Majesty was a radiant figure wearing a crystal embroidered pale blue satin dress with a diamond tiara and other lovely jewels. The Queen Mother was in a white tulle crinoline with a tiara, Princess Margaret in white organdie with narrow bands of red rosebud insertion, the Duchess of Kent lovely in pink, with diamonds, and the Princess Royal in embroidered apricot chiffon with a diamond tiara

Besides the Countess of Rosebery other members of the family at the ball included the Duke's sisters Lady Rachel Davidson, Lady Katherine Phillips and Lady Winefride Freeman; the Earl and Countess of Perth, Viscount FitzAlan of Derwent, Lt.-Col. the Hon Miles and Mrs. Fitzalan-Howard, Mr. Ian Constable Maxwell whom I met having supper

with Lady Mary Burghley, W/Cdr. and Mrs. Gerald Constable Maxwell, and W/Cdr. Michael Constable Maxwell. Although there were a great number of older guests at the ball there were also many of this season's débutantes and other young girls with plenty of young men to partner them on this memorable evening.

Among the young girls dancing I saw Lady Anne Nevill, Miss Camilla Straight looking very pretty in blue, the Hon. Caroline and the Hon. Susan Wood, Miss Clare and Miss Anne Cobbold, Miss Sally Hambro, the Hon. Angela Cecil, Miss Sally Hall, Miss Valda Rogerson, the Hon. Susan Lever, Miss Tessa Head, Miss Jane Allday, the Hon. Joanna Cavendish, Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham, Lady Melissa and Lady Caroline Wyndham-Quin, Miss Sarah Oldfield, Miss Precelly Davies-Scourfield, Miss Gay Lowson, Lady Clarissa Duncombe, the Hon. Sarah Cadogan, the Hon. Elizabeth Nall-Cain, and Miss Carolyn Constable Maxwell who had her own coming out dance in the country a few nights before, about which I will be writing next week.

Most of the older women present wore tiaras and the men wore their orders and decorations to add to the brilliance of the scene. There were many members of the Royal Household and their wives at the ball; among these I saw the Lord Chamberlain the Earl of Scarbrough with the Countess of Scarbrough, Sir Terence and Lady Nugent, Sir Norman Gwatkin, Lt.-Gen. Sir Frederick and Lady Browning, Major and the Hon. Mrs. Mark Milbank, Lord Plunket, and Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones ith Lady Salisbury-Jones. Earl and Countess Jountbatten of Burma were also there, dancing d meeting many friends.

Among members of the Diplomatic Corps I et the Swedish Ambassador and Mme. ägglöf, and the Spanish Ambassador the ique de Primo de Rivera. Members of the overnment included the Lord Chancellor scount Kilmuir, and Viscountess Kilmuir, ig. Anthony Head, Mr. Duncan Sandys and pt. Christopher Soames and their wives. here were numerous friends from the racing orld, among these I saw Lord Willoughby de oke, Senior Steward of the Jockey Club, and dy Willoughby de Broke, the Marquess and archioness of Abergavenny, Lady Irwin, Mr. d Mrs. John Rogerson, the Hon. Jakey and rs. Astor, Major Reggie and the Hon. Mrs. acdonald-Buchanan, the latter wearing a agnificent tiara, Viscount and Viscountess lendale, Col. Giles Loder, and the Earl and ountess of Derby, both dancing on the garden ance floor.

LSO there were Lord Ashcombe sitting at a table in the garden with the Earl and Countess of Dunraven and Lord and Lady Howard de Walden, the Earl of Carnarvon, Lord and Lady Porchester, Lord and Lady Manton, the Earl and Countess of Eldon, Mrs. Francis Lorne, the Hon. Hugh and Lady Helen Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Blackwell, the latter very pretty in a lovely white dress, Col. Dick Poole, the Earl and Countess of Sefton, Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher, the Earl and Countess of Durham, the Hon. William and Mrs. McGowan and the Queen's trainer Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort and his attractive wife, who was in pink with a fine family tiara.

Others enjoying this truly wonderful evening included the Marchioness of Crewe and her daughter Mary Duchess of Roxburghe, the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, the Earl and Countess of Dalkeith, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, the Earl and Countess of Haddington the latter in yellow and wearing her magnificent high all-round tiara, Lord and Lady Cornwallis, Sir Peter and Lady Grant Lawson, Lord and Lady

Digby, Viscount and Viscountess Cowdray, Sir Ulick and Lady Mary Alexander home from Rhodesia and soon off, they told me, to the South of France for several weeks. I also saw the Marchioness of Bute, the Earl and Countess of Dumfries, his brother Lord James Crichton Stuart, Lady Jean Bertie, Mr. and Mrs. John Wyndham, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Parker Bowles, Col. and Mrs. John Ward, the latter lovely in white slipper satin, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Gerard Leigh, Earl and Countess Fortescue, Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn, Lord and Lady Brownlow, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Abel Smith, Major "Cuddy" Stirling Stuart, the Earl and Countess of Westmorland, Sir Giles and Lady Loder, and Sir Anthony and Lady Doughty-Tichborne.

Viscountess Lambton I saw having a long talk with Princess Margaret, and other guests included the Earl of Wilton, Lady Petre, the Hon. Denis and Mrs. Berry, Capt. and the Hon. Mrs. Innes, Brig. Denis Fitzgerald, the Dowager Viscountess Hambleden and members of her family including her eldest son Viscount Hambleden and his lovely wife in white, Capt. and the Hon. Mrs. Michael Brand and the Hon. Katharine Smith. Also the Marquess and Marchioness of Normanby, the latter in pink with a fine diamond tiara, the Marchioness of Lothian also wearing her magnificent tiara and diamond necklace, the Earl and Countess of Cottenham and their daughter Lady Marye White, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith Ryland, her mother the Hon. Mrs. Alistair Gibb, the Hon. Henry and Mrs. Allsopp, Sir Charles and Lady Hambro, Mr. and Mrs. "Boy" Pilkington, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan MacKinnon, the Earl and Countess of Hardwicke and the Marquess and Marchioness of Linlithgow.

NEXT day the Queen and Prince Philip held an afternoon presentation party for overseas débutantes in the gold and white state ballroom at Buckingham Palace. Afterwards they came out on to the lawns of the Palace for the first Royal Garden party of the season at which about eight thousand guests were present. Those invited included guests from all parts of the Commonwealth, some of them wearing their national costume. The Queen, who went in one direction while Prince Philip took another route, wore a bright blue silk dress with a pleated skirt and a little blue feather cap. The Queen Mother wore a large feathered hat in spite of the high wind, and at times had difficulty in keeping it in place; her dress and hat were in a lovely apricot shade. She was accompanied on her tour across the lawn by Princess Margaret in white with touches of pink and a close-fitting little hat. The Duchess of Kent, who wore a lovely white hat with her trim white dress, had Princess Alexandra, in yellow and a white hat, with her.

Also in the Royal party when they came out on to the lawn I saw the Princess Royal, the Earl and Countess of Harewood, and Lady Patricia Ramsay. Mr. Menzies, the Prime Minister of Australia, and Mrs. Menzies were among those talking to the Queen and Prince Philip after tea in the Royal tea tent, also Mr. Nehru and his sister, Mrs. Pandit, and Mr. Norman Robertson the High Commissioner for Canada. Walking across the lawn from this tent after tea I saw the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress Sir Cuthbert and Lady Ackroyd, and Sir David and Lady Eccles accompanied by Lady Eden.

Others in the very big crowd strolling on the lawns were Viscount and Viscountess Knollys, Sir Thomas and Lady Butler, Lord and Lady Claud Hamilton, Mrs. Murray, lady-in-

[Continued overleaf



### WEDDING AT ST. JAMES'S

THE Marquess of Hertford is seen above with his bride, Comtesse Louise de Caraman-Chimay, after their wedding at St. James's Church, Piccadilly



Members of the Royal Family at the wedding. Above, the Duchess of Gloucester. Below, the Duke of Kent and Princess Alexandra





### AN ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTER WEDS

Officers and men in full dress uniform formed a guard of honour at the marriage held at St. Martin-in-the-Fields of Capt. Robert Wolrige Gordon, Grenadier Guards, of Hallhead and Esslemont, son of the late Capt. R. W. Gordon and of Mrs. W. Gordon, to Miss Rosemary Abel Smith, daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir Conolly and Lady Mary Abel Smith, of Ashiestiel, Galashiels. A reception was held afterwards at Admiralty House

waiting to Princess Marie-Louise, with her two other ladies-in-waiting, Margaret Lady Ebbisham and Lady Blane, all in shades of blue, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mackle, the latter wearing a beautiful black osprey hat with her apricot silk dress, who were presented to the Queen Mother by Lord Adam Gordon. Also present were Sir Horace and Lady Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Robin McAlpine, the latter looking lovely in a printed silk dress, the Earl and Countess of Westmorland, Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort in navy blue with a white hat, Lady Illingworth accompanied by Miss Violet Levy, Lady Pulbrook very neat in a bronze silk suit, Mrs. David Drummond, Baroness Ravensdale in red, and the Marquis and Marquise de Miramon with their débutante daughter Helene.

\* \* \*

NEARLY nine hundred guests came to the British Olympic Ball at Grosvenor House. This was a great effort to help raise the muchneeded funds to finance the British teams for the forthcoming Olympics in Melbourne this autumn. The Duchess of Beaufort was president of the ball and was there with the Duke of Beaufort. The very hard-working joint chairmen of this successful event were Lady Burghley and Mrs. John Ward, who both had big parties.

Lord Burghley and Col. John Ward were both there and others I saw were Lord Luke, who like Lord Burghley was one of the vice-presidents, Lady Luke, the Spanish Ambassador the Duque de Primo de Rivera, Lord and Lady George Scott, Major and the Hon. Mrs. Mark Milbank, the Hon. Freddie and Mrs. Hennessy, the Hon. William Rollo, Mr. and Mrs. Morley Kennerly whose daughter Diana was among

the sellers of lucky programmes, Lady Edith Foxwell, Mr. David Metcalfe and Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Ekyn, who brought his attractive daughter Miss Susie Ekyn and a party of young friends. Mrs. Robin Leigh-Pemberton and Mrs. Peter de Zulueta were joint chairmen of the junior committee and largely responsible for the very good tombola arranged on the balcony.

Two large vases filled with masses of Regalia lilies, beautifully arranged, were the only flowers in St. James's Church, Piccadilly, for the marriage of the Marquess of Hertford, son of the late Lord Henry Seymour and Lady Helen Seymour, and Comtesse Louise de Caraman-Chimay, only child of Prince and Princess Alphonse de Chimay, which was solemnized by the Bishop of Coventry assisted by the Rev. J. Emrys Jones and the Rev. J. S. Brewis.

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a short-sleeved pearl coloured satin dress embroidered with white roses and gold leaves, her short tulle veil being held in place by a pearl and diamond tiara. There were three pages, Edward and Andrew Hay, nephews of the bridegroom, and John Buchanan-Jardine, cousin of the bride, wearing long yellow shantung trousers with shirts to match. The two bridesmaids, Miss Mary Moore and Miss Mary Williamson, wore white silk jersey sleeveless dresses with green leaves in their hair.

After the ceremony the bride's parents held a reception at the Hyde Park Hotel where they received the guests with the bridegroom's mother.

The Duchess of Gloucester in a dark blue lace dress was present at the wedding, also the Duke of Kent and Princess Alexandra, who looked sweet and cool in a blue and white printed silk dress. Sitting just behind them in the church were the bridegroom's sister, Lady Margaret Hay with Major Philip Hay—their two sons were pages.

Other guests I saw were Lady Moyra Hamilton, whose grandmother the Dowager Duchess of Abercorn was there, also her brother the Marquess of Hamilton, who was among the ushers, with Mr. Obbie Waller and Lord Nicholas Gordon-Lennox. The bride's aunt, Jean Lady Buchanan-Jardine, was sitting on the other side of the church.

Also in the congregation were the Swedish Ambassador who kindly lent his Embassy for Louise's coming-out dance a few years ago, Mrs. Reggie Sheffield and her elder daughter Serena, the Hon. Diana Herbert wearing a pink hat with her sleeveless white dress, sitting with Miss Elizabeth Hoyer-Millar, Mrs. Brocas Burrows and Sir Hugh and Lady Smiley.

MR. AND MRS. CHRISTOPHER SEYMOUR, Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Miss Molly Hudson in pink, Lady Newall, Lady Brinckman and Miss Eulalie Buckmaster with her sister Miss Beryl Buckmaster, who is joint-Master of the Warwickshire hounds, were others I noticed there.

Among the large number of friends at the wedding were also Lord George Cholmondeley, the Hon. Sir John Coke, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Dennis and their daughter Caroline, Miss Marye Pole-Carew, Lt.-Cdr. George and the Hon. Mrs. Marten, Phyllis Lady Delamere and her daughter the Hon. Mrs. Barington, Mr Tim Egerton, Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Forestier-Walker, and Mr. and Mrs. Jocelyn Stevens. Mr. Stevens was best man to his friend the Marquess at the ceremony.

THE Eton and Harrow cricket match at Lords was practically washed out this year. Rain stopped play at 3 p.m. on the first day and after lunch on the second. On the evening of the first day I went to the Eton Beagles Ball at the Dorchester which was a very gay affair with around four hundred guests. With the exception of Coronation year, this was a record number for this ball, a large measure of its success being due to the hard work of the young Master of the Eton Beagles, Mr. Bill Heber-Percy, who made every effort to sell the tickets not only among his friends at school, but also among those around his home in Rutland, (where his father, Lt.-Col. Cyril Heber-Percy, is joint-Master of the Cottesmore Hounds), and among his relations. As a result over £1,200 had been taken before the ball began, in addition to which there was the raffle, the tombola and quite a number of donations.

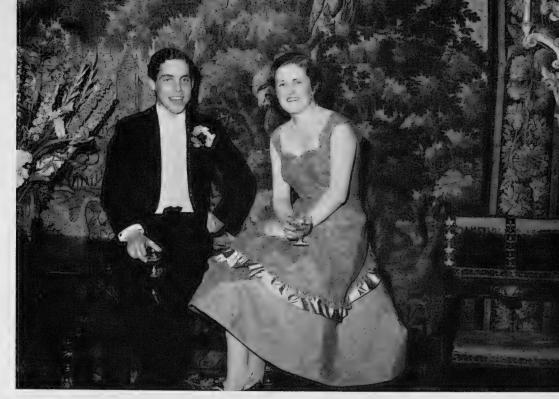
Dancing, sensibly, did not start until dinner was over and coffee was served, then it went with great energy and swing until 3 a.m. There was also an excellent cabaret.

MONG those who brought parties were Sir A Peter and Lady Norton Griffiths, who had their Etonian son, their daughter Anne and her fiancé, Mr. R. H. Morgan, with them, Major William Hicks-Beach, M.P. for heltenham, Mr. and Mrs. Dermot McGillyuddy, Brig. the Hon. R. G. Hamilton-Russell, apt. Ronnie Wallace and Mrs. Duncan ackinnon, joint-Masters of the Heythrop ands, Capt. and Mrs. Charles Radelyffe d Mr. and Mrs. Peter Duncanson. Col. ber-Percy had a big party at top table with sons; his eldest son, Mr. Alan Hebercy, who was at the ball, is in the Royal ots Greys. Their guests included Col. ber-Percy's uncle, Mr. Hulton-Harrop and wife, who had motored up from Sussex the ball, Mrs. Tom Fairhurst, Mr. Robert ber-Percy, Mr. Jeremy Palmer and Miss Jian Foote, who had given invaluable help h the organization. Bill Heber-Percy's .:ts Mrs. Jack Thursby and Mrs. Jean land also brought big parties to the ball. oung people I noticed dancing were ly Davinia Pepys, very pretty in a blue nted organza dress and starry-eyed at first evening in this great ballroom. I and it very refreshing to meet such true Dyment. Mr. Donough McGillycuddy had own hunting horn tucked in his pocket, as many of the young guests. He was dancing in Miss Marietta Grazebrook, who was wing friends a hunting horn dated 1858, d by her great-grandfather with the Eton igles (Oppidans) who were linked with the lege pack to form the consolidated Eton gles in 1864. Other young people enjoying very good ball included Sir William gott-Brown, Mr. Ian Bond, Mr. Rory worth-Booth, who with his parents brought a big party, Mr. Julian Bevan, Mr. Robin Thursfield and Mr. Tim Bathurst.

\* \* \*

HEAR that the entries for the Royal Dublin Horse Show, which is to be held on the famous show ground at Ballsbridge from August 7-11, are as big as ever. They number well over a thousand and include over four hundred made hunters, an increase on last year. This is an interesting feature in view of the fact that hunters are said to be scarce in the country. Entries for young horses likely to make hunters are also satisfactory.

The jumping should be of the highest quality too, and it is hoped that quite a number of international teams will be competing. As always during this week there will be many house parties and much entertaining in and around Dublin; also the usual number of hunt balls.



At Shoppenhangers Manor, the thirteenth-century home of Mr. W. Thornton-Smith near Maidenhead, Mrs. Harold Huth and Elizabeth Lady Musker gave a dance for their débutante daughters. Above: Mr. David Starling and Miss Penelope Musker, one of the débutantes for whom the dance was given, sitting in the bar which was hung with tapestries

Mr. R. Bingley, Miss A. Mostyn-Owen, Miss S. Hennessy and Mr. M. Pakenham

Mrs. J. F. Stratton, Mr. J. Grafftey-Smith and Miss Jennifer Stratton were guests







Mr. Jeremy Pinckney, Miss Angela Huth, for whom the dance was also given, her sister Miss Patricia Huth and Mr. Peter Kenworthy-Browne

Desmond O'N



Mr. Peter Cazalet was in conversation with Miss Alice Fergusson and Miss Bluebell Green

Miss Jennifer Wigfield, Mr. Malcolm Smith, Mr. Charles Tucker and Miss Therese White





Mrs. Henderson, Mr. Alan Henderson, Miss Joanna Bonham-Carter and Mr. Tom Luckock



Major M. Barclay, joint-Master, Mrs. R. Hanbury and Brig. Sir Edward Beddington

Capt. Charles Barclay, joint-Master of the Hunt, with Mrs. Harvey and Mr. Frank Harvey



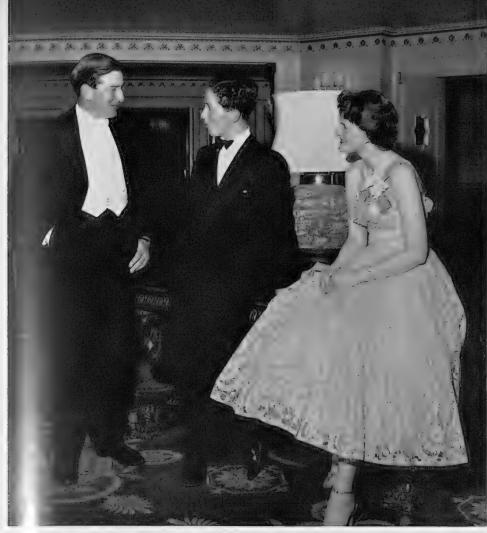
### PUCKERIDGE HUNT

THE Puckeridge Hunt held its annual ball at Fanhams Hall, Ware. Members of the hunt and their friends much enjoyed dancing in the great hall or walking through the attractive floodlit grounds which are among the most attractive in Herts



Mrs. Sheila Ashford-Sandford was dancing with Mr. F. S. Skailes in the great hall

Van Hallan



vt. R. Wallace, M.F.H., Mr. W. D. Heber-Percy, Master of the Beagles, Miss G. Foote

iss Melanie Lowson dancing with Mr. Johnny Spencer-Nairn

Mrs. Pamela Fairhurst with Col. C. Heber-Percy, M.F.H.







Desimond O'Neut Miss Sue Byrom talking to Sir Henry Tate, M.F.H.



Capt. C. Radcliffe and Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon





### ETON BEAGLES

THE Eton Beagles Ball, on the weekend of the Eton and Harrow match, took place at the Dorchester, and was well attended by Old Etonians, masters of hounds, and present Etonians and their parents. Above: Miss Daphne Monckton and Mr. Nigel Estlick



Miss Anne Trench, Miss Joanna Burgess, Mr. John Tremlett and Mr. Richard Timpson were among the guests

Miss Georgina McBean and Mr. Francis Kinsman with Mr. Oliver William-Powlett and Miss Diana Timpson



### "And did you not hear of a jolly young waterman"

SYDNEY CARTER describes the origin of the Doggett's Coat and Badge race on the Thames, England's oldest sporting fixture, which is being rowed today

At a quarter to twelve on July 25 six jolly watermen will line up at London Bridge for the oldest annual sporting fixture in the British Isles: the race for Doggett's Coat and Badge. This has happened every year (except when there was a war) since 1716, when the following placard, on the day before August 1, was put up at London Bridge:

"This being the day of His Majesty's accession to the throne there will be given by Mr. Doggett an orange colour livery with a badge representing liberty to be rowed for by six watermen that are out of their time within the year past. They are to row from London Bridge to Chelsea. It will be continued annually for ever."

Watermen "out of their time" are those who have finished their apprenticeship. The orange livery has grown more rosy with the years: it is now a bright vermilion. The badge still blazons the Wild Horse of Hanover, to discourage any watermen who may be Jacobites. The date wobbles about a bit from year to year, but the course is still the same: 4 miles and 5 furlongs, from London Bridge to Cadogan Pier. The race used to be rowed against the tide: now it is rowed with it, and the best recorded time is 25 minutes 17 seconds (H. F. Clark, 1948).

Thomas Doggett, who began it all, was a comedian and joint-manager of Drury Lane. His acting was highly praised by Colly Cibber: "He could be extremely ridiculous without stepping into the least impropriety to make him so." He made a fortune and, to ensure his immortality, endowed the race for Doggett's Coat and Badge.

But watermen are not what they used to be. The Watermen and Lightermen's Company of London can still muster 4,500 freemen, about two hundred of whom still carry passengers; but



they rarely have to pull an oar. The wherry of Doggett's day, propelled by manpower, has gone down before the march of progress. Progress has always been the bane of watermen; when the Romans put up London Bridge the rot set in.

London watermen. Once the public got the idea that they could cross the river without paying 2d. for a sculler—or, if they wanted to do it in a grand way, 4d. (the fare in 1671)—then the outlook was a black one. Like their spiritual descendants, the bus men and the taxi drivers, watermen had a fine command of language:

A plague on all reforming chaps, I vishes they were dead; And then a waterman, perhaps, Might arn a bit of bread.

There were more underhand inventions than bridges, even:

Improvement's march is sure and slow And never can be stopping, But that there tunnel was no go Bor'd by Brunel at Wapping.

Even the reign of James II had seen two dastardly attempts to do them down. One was the introduction of the hackney coach, which enabled the public to get through London on dry land instead of travelling, as their custom was, by water. What John Taylor, a waterman poet, had to say about these vehicles will hardly bear quotation. "To conclude," he writes, "a Coach may be fitly compared to a whore, for a Coach is painted, so is a whore; a Coach is common, so is a whore; a Coach is costly, so is a whore. . . ." The second disaster was the removal of the

The start of the Doggett's Coat and Badge race in a previous year. The "course" is from London Bridge to Chelsea





A drawing by Rowlandson shows a view of the contestants passing the Old Swan Inn, Chelsea, cheered by boatloads of spectators, in the early nineteenth century

hydouses from the south bank to north of the river, so that ndoners no longer had to cross the Thames to see *Macbeth*. ylor presented a petition on the subject; but the actors hit ck. Why not transfer the Royal Exchange and St. Paul's to south bank? That, they said, would also benefit the watermen. e actors won.

Disgusted by all this, Taylor took to poetry as a way of getting h. He also made a trip in a brown-paper boat, using two ockfish tied on to canes for oars; he nearly drowned, but he ote it all up in a pamphlet and made money out of that. It is a pamphlet and the two the ote it all up in a pamphlet and made money out of that it is the continued his vocation as a waterman. Trade not have been so bad, for twenty years after Taylor died in the other were still about ten thousand licensed watermen trying passengers, in addition to several hundred lightermen to carried goods.

NE of the chief hazards for a waterman was the press gang. In time of war the navy was expanded by taking up young watermen, who were not always eager for this honour. In 1758, 1,500 were rounded up by an ingenious device. A live turkey was placed on top of the Monument; a crowd of gaping watermen collected, whereupon the press gang went round taking names.

Another way of wooing them into the navy was discovered by Charles Dibdin, author of *Tom Bowling*. His patriotic ditties inflamed the bold young watermen, who could hardly wait to get on board a man-of-war; and a grateful government granted him a pension of £200 a year. In 1771 Dibdin wrote a balladopera, *The Waterman*, in which the dramatic action turns upon the race for Doggett's Coat and Badge. The plot is a simple one. Tom Tug, a waterman, is in love with Wilhelmina, but her mother, Mrs. Bundle, has ideas above her station, and fancies a young popinjay called Robin as a son-in-law. Torn between the elegance of Robin and the ruggedness of Tom, Wilhelmina cannot make her mind up; but Mrs. Bundle so contrives it that Tom is made to feel he hasn't got a chance. He announces his intention of going off and getting himself killed

on board a man-of-war, which gives him a cue to sing:

Then farewell, my trim-built wherry,
Oare, and coat, and badge, farewell!
Never more at Chelsea ferry,
Shall your Thomas take a spell...

Exit Tom: but not to join the navy. Instead, he puts in a bit of practice for the Doggett Coat and Badge; so at any rate we must assume, for when he reappears it is to invite Wilhelmina and her mother to a private room in the Old Swan on the morning of the race.

WILHELMINA is a little piqued not to see him in bell-bottoms. What about the man-of-war? But August I sees her in a room at the Old Swan, Chelsea. The rowers are in sight:

Mrs. B.: "That smart young man will certainly win it; how clean and neat he looks!"

WIL.: "Here he comes; his boat perfectly flies!"

Mrs. B.: "Oh, he'll win it!"

WIL.: "He has won it already, Madam; he's past the stairs." MRS. B.: "See, he jumps on shore!"

WIL.: "And see, he's coming this way! Surely 'tis not—Yes, it is.

Tom has won the Doggett Coat and Badge—and Wilhelmina."

As recruiting propaganda, *The Waterman* leaves something to be desired; but the tunes were good, and long into the reign of Queen Victoria baritones would take their stand at the piano and bid goodbye to their trim-built wherries.

There won't be any wherries racing on July 25. If there is a Wilhelmina waiting on Cadogan Pier, she will see her Tom step out of a racing gig provided by the Fishmongers' Company and friends: for the chances are that Tom earns his living with a motor-boat. Rowing, in fact, has become a Fine rather than a Useful art, even for a waterman, and one that takes up time and money. So much so, that one year only one competitor turned up at London Bridge. But the tide is turning. Last year there were three. This year's names have not yet been announced, but it looks as if the race will be a keen one: the recent triumph of London lightermen at Henley has set the Thames on fire. Tom Tug's day as a professional oarsman may be nearly over: but his day as an amateur has just begun.

TATLER and Bystander, JULY 25, 1956 166



"I told you you'd have to rough it, Sarah"

### Roundabout

• Cyril Ray

hundredth anniversary of the birth of Maria Smythe who, as Mrs. Fitzherbert, in 1785 married the Prince Regent. I look forward to being present at the luncheon in Brighton which, as well as celebrating that ill-used lady's bicentenary, will also inaugurate the seventh annual Regency Exhibition to be held at the Royal Pavilion—that fantastic summer palace that was soon to put a Regency seal on the newly fashionable seaside town to which, after the secret, morganatic and much-disputed marriage ceremony, Prince Florizel and his bride jogged down in a hired chaise.

For years, now, the Pavilion has had its Fitzherbert room—the lovely late eighteenth-century drawing-room which is furnished in the taste of the first, Henry Holland, version of the Pavilion and which I much prefer, myself, to Nash's orientalized (and, to my mind, much more vulgar) piece of fantasy. Here, the Hepplewhite furniture is from Mrs. Fitzherbert's villa on the Steine, which was equipped, I remember reading somewhere,

with an ale cellar, a small-beer cellar, a wine-in-cask cellar, and a wine-in-bottle cellar. I am reminded that when the property of George IV's other, official, and much less reputable wife, poor Queen Caroline, was sold—I have it from the firm of auctioneers concerned, which still exists—it included 15,000 gallons of stout.

This year, though, because of the bicentenary, the present tenary, the room and the furniture are to be augmented by some special Fitzherbert loan exhibits—pieces inherited by Lord Portarlington from Mrs. Fitzherbert's adopted daughter. I look forward to the Reynolds portrait and the case of Cosway miniatures of the lady and the Regent, and to the odd touch provided by the miniature of one of Maria Fitzherbert's eyes. It seems to have been a pleasure of the period so to immortalize a speaking orb, for the Regent had once sent her a painting of one of his own, and I saw at this year's Antique Dealers' Fair a Georgian tie-pin the head of which was the eye of the Princess Amelia in replica. Very pretty, they told me, but somehow I couldn't see myself sporting it.

Most eloquent, though, of all the exhibits is the ring with which the wedding ceremony was performed—opening to reveal the bridegroom's name: George Augustus Frederick. It is not that we any longer need proof of the marriage that was denied again and again in the House of Commons by Charles James Fox. What is touching is to realize that Mrs. Fitzherbert kept the ring until her death, at over eighty—just as George had died, seven years before, gross, grubby and unlamented, but with her miniature at his neck.

Whenever, though, I am feeling particularly priggish about George IV, I remind myself that he was the first English monarch since Charles I to collect pictures, and with judgment; and that had he never been Prince of Wales or Regent or King, cursed with a wanton queen, elderly mistresses, and foul-mouthed friends, he might be respected to this day as a collector with taste, and a gentleman of charm.

What I like especially about the Rubenses and the Rembrandts that he bought—still in the Royal collections, and shown at Burlington House ten years ago—what I like, apart from the quality of the pictures themselves, is that the Regent was in debt, when he bought them, to the tune of rather more than half a million pounds. A figure, by the way, that doesn't include a sum that always gives me a pang of fellow-feeling—though in a mild way, of course: a trifling matter of £96,000 for income tax.

\* \* \*

Now that we have marched so meekly out of the Canal Zone, there is some irony in the appearance of an Englishman's admiring book about the Frenchman who, in more senses than one, engineered the Suez Canal—was in some danger, in fact, of being created Duke of Suez.

Charles Beatty's Ferdinand de Lesseps is a study of a man and his age-or, rather, of a period in which the ages clash, overlap, and mingle. For anyone's historical sense will be tickled, surely, by the story of the letter, ninety-nine years ago, in which the ngineer of the Suez Canal challenged to duel Robert Stephenson, an M.P., and on of the builder of railways and of the locket, because he had referred to the roposed canal as "a bubble scheme" and 'physically impracticable." I like to ink of a couple of equally distinguished igineers of our own time exchanging ich a letter as the one in which de esseps wrote for an explanation, "either person or by two of your friends whom u will put in touch with me. . . . I have ome from France expressly to demand it om you. I have the honour, Sir, to ace myself at your disposal. . . . "

Trerdinand de Lesseps was the son of a man who had been ennobled by the st Napoleon for his defence of Corfugainst the British, and that may explain is touchiness that it was by the banks of the Thames that his honour was imugned. That self-same father of his, on the other hand, was consul in Aleppo ter Napoleon's fall, and saved some ritish subjects from a cholera epidemic, to be rewarded with a jewelled snuff-box

### ARTY PARTY

Put out more flags and pound a drum— Our lions to the party come, And with their seasoned roar affright Sorely the semi-erudite Who, scandalized to see such schisms The serried ranks of "ists" and "isms" Sunder, now artlessly resign Themselves to fellow-Philistine.

-Jean Stanger

from George IV, whose memory I have already invoked in this column in another context. History can be a small subject, in the same sense as the world sometimes strikes the more banal conversationalists among us as a small place.

How ignorant, though, one can be of it. It was in glancing through this same book that I came across the name Lapérouse, as that of a great French sailor and navigator (an uncle of de Lesseps had distinguished himself in his service, in Arctic waters). Whereas what the name had always meant to me, until that moment, was one of the great restaurants of Paris—three-starred in Michelin's noble guide, and celebrated in song and story.

Celebrated in moving pictures, too, for that matter—I recall a French film set at the turn of the century in which a rich boulevardier turns up at Lapérouse in a hansom-cab—or was it in one of those high, brass-bound automobiles: a Delaunay-Belleville or a De Dion Bouton?—for an assignation in one of the salles privées.

Do private rooms of that kind still exist in London restaurants, I wonder, complete with ice-bucket for champagne, waiter chosen for his discretion, and a soft sofa for sweet nothings? I know that there is a small, old-fashioned restaurant not very far from Bond Street, where the decorations, like those of the grill-room at the Café Royal-plump nudes and gilding, and mirrors in rococo framesbreathe the last enchantments of the Edwardian age, and where there used to be the discreetest of private rooms upstairs. I was taken there to dine, once, by a journalist whose career had opened in the Fleet Street of sixty years ago, and who jerked an appreciative thumb ceilingwards to tell me that in his time, "most of the best divorces began up there, my boy." The rooms have long since gone, and divorces, I suppose, begin far less privately and much more casually, these days.

I am glad to see that in the sale-room season just ending, Sotheby's have broken their own record for a year's turnover by topping the two million pounds sterling mark. Christie's, I suppose, will have done about the same, give or take a thousand or so, for these two firms, the Oxford and Cambridge of the fine art trade, as they have been called, are usually at level-peggings.

Partly, of course, the high figures represent a fall in the value of money, but the total volume of trade is impressive, all the same—for to these two great West End firms must be added the smaller auctioneers, in London and the country, to say nothing of the dealers, among whom the leading shops, such as the ninety-odd that take part each year in the Antique Dealers' Fair, are as noted for their scholarship and fair dealing as the great auctioneers.

T is these two qualities, more than any T is these two quanties, most other, of course, that have made London the world's entrepôt of the fine art trade, a position reinforced by the relaxation of wartime exchange controls, a year or so ago, allowing proceeds of sales to be remitted to hard-currency countries, so that American collections could again be sold here, as they were before the war, when works of art gathered by (or for) such Midases as Pierpont Morgan and Mortimer Schiff were sold at Christie's, leaving behind tens of thousands of pounds' worth of commission, as well as works of art in Bond Street shops, to bring more profit still to dealers; and bringing to London, with their foreign currencies, dealers and collectors and agents from all over the world.

So Americans are sellers here again, as well as buyers, and the flow of works of art is by no means all one way. Indeed, Americans do not hold unchallenged the position of being the boldest bidders: the rich business men of Milan and Turin, furnishing their palazzi, have room for great paintings, splendid furniture, and vast tapestries—and the money to buy them with. Money, I have heard an American collector observe sourly in Bond Street, that began as Marshall Aid.







THE RETURN OF BRIGGS . . . . . by Graham

Marilyn Burr, the ballerina who gives an accomplished performance in Les Sylphides



Anton Dolin, the distinguished international dancer and the company's artistic director, was responsible for forming the Festival Ballet in 1951



John Gilpin, a leading dancer, creates a role in *Homage To A Princess*, a new ballet

### THE FESTIVAL BALLET

### • Kieran Tunney •

THE opening programme of London's Festival Ballet included Homage To A Princess—a ballet by Michael Charnley, mounted on a score by Stan Kenton with décor by André Lavasseur—which is the company's most recent work, first performed at Monte Carlo earlier this year when it was dedicated to Princess Grace of Monaco.

The ballet is disappointing. The choreography, basically academic, lacks originality, and is a confusing mixture of classical and modernistic movements, for the most part ugly to watch and unrewarding to the dancers. The score is less successful than the Kenton music used by Kenneth MacMillan for Somnambulism, seen recently at the Sadler's Wells Theatre, and with Belinda Wright and John Gilpin at his disposal, Charnley should have been able to devise something more exciting than the bitty pas de deux that constituted the third movement.

The programme opened with Fokine's Les Sylphides which, though lacking the required poetic feeling, was competently danced, and the production was creditable—a considerable improvement on previous presentations given it by them. The corps de ballet has improved; the lighting—though still too harsh—is less trying; and though the orchestra was too slow, the playing possessed the right lyrical texture.

STILL it is a pity that the high spirits of this energetic company cannot be concealed a little more in this work. For though the dancers conscientiously follow the dreamy choreography they appear to be straining at the leash—longing to jump and bound all over the stage; with one exception, that is, for Marilyn Burr gave an accomplished performance, combining technical strength with a pleasing sensitivity. Perhaps the others should have been given a mild sedative!

Are choreographers inordinately vain? It would seem so—for unlike playwrights, actors or dancers they seldom appear to benefit from criticism. These thoughts are prompted in particular by Harald Lander's *Etudes*. When first seen last year, the general consensus of critical opinion was that ten to fifteen minutes cut from the beginning would make it a near-perfect ballet of its kind. But nothing has been done to it.

Yet providing one can survive the first third, the rewards offered by the remainder are thrilling; for music and movement combine to produce a seemingly never-ending series of glittering visual patterns. In it, Gilpin gives a remarkable display of virtuosity, performing technical feats with a skill and assurance that is exhilarating. His partner Toni Lander is well-suited too, to the fast-moving choreography, being blessed with a lightness reminiscent of Shearer and Riabouchinska; and in the same ballet, Flemming Flindt—a Danish dancer with an agreeable personality and strong technique—made a distinct impression.

I should like to record two particular pleasures during the last week of the Sadler's Wells summer season of ballet at Covent Garden; Violetta Elvin's superb farewell performance as Aurora and a second glimpse of Ashton's *Birthday Offering*.

A short time ago it looked as if Frederick Ashton's choreographic invention had dried up. Apart from the enchanting Scenes De Ballet, none of his recent works compared favourably with his prewar or wartime achievements. His new work proves that this was merely a phase—common to most creative artists—for this is one of the loveliest ballets ever devised for dancers. And it is good news that it is to be included in the "Wells" Russian season; since perfection in any form cannot fail to impress even the unpredictable people behind the Iron Curtain.

The TATLER and Bystander JULY 25. 1956 169



### Miss Eartha Kitt walks the Tower of London

EARTHA KITT is a brilliant young American singer with a personality that has made itself felt wherever her records are played, and they are popular in a great many countries. Her low, husky voice is unique, and she sings a number of songs—such as "Under The Bridges Of Paris," "Monotonous" and "I Want To Be Evil"—in a way that is entirely her own, showing a robust sense of humour. She came to England this year when she appeared in cabaret and made a film, "Twenty-four Hours In London," for Associated Rediffusion, a theme which prompted this photograph



MME. ANTOINE STERN is the niece of M. Louis Roche, formerly of the French Embassy in London, and now French Ambassador in Beirut. Her husband is a nephew of Lt.-Col. Sir Albert Stern, and they live in the rue Barbet de Jouy

TATLER and Bystander 1956



LA BARONNE DE CABROL, wife of one of the best-ki own decorators in France, is the daughter of the Marquis and Marquise d'Harcourt. She is seen in her apartment i the avenue Foch, and has a country house at Montfort l'An ary

### Priscilla in Paris

### JOURNEY TO THE CÔTE DE RÊVE



THE ISLAND.—It is pleasant to be here again! Excepting for two or three short weekends I had not left Paris since returning from the Island last September and it has seemed a long time. The wide, open roads of la belle France, that are now so well laid and kept, looked good to me when I set out this week.

It was a perfect day for a longish run. Soft, moist grey skies that had a theatrical way of suddenly smiling in order to reveal a burst of sunshine as if to show what can be done in that line. The hint was pleasantly sufficient. When one is heading due west one does not care about driving into a blazing sunset when one's eyes are road weary and nerves a little frayed by the strange antics of so many new drivers.

THE high road out of Paris was thronged till Dreux, where the parting of the ways takes place. The Normandy-bound flitters, who are contented to dip in the chill Channel, take the right-hand fork, others who go farther afield, vaguely questing after the Gulf Stream, oblique north-west, while those lucky creatures who own some kind of a shack or a dreamhouse (the two can be synonymous) depart in various directions, but many make straight for the west coast. The lower along the coast the better, so long as they do not fall into over-advertised and overrun "resorts." My own particular haven (I really mean Heaven) lies somewhere between Quiberon and Bordeaux, but wild jaguars would not drag from me information as to its exact locality.

So far back as I can remember—and that is pretty far-French children have always had longer summer holidays than those of any other country. This year the schools broke up on the last Saturday in June and materfamilias, having had all Sunday to pack (woollies and

cottons and waterproofs), the exodus took place on Monday.

It was a mascot-to-tail-light procession except, of course, that mascots no longer seem to exist. They have been replaced over here by horrible dingle-dangles and dancing dolls that jiggle behind the windscreen or rear window. Every kind of petrol-propelled vehicle flashed or bummelled by. From scooters loaded high with pa, ma, baby and luggage to monstrous "cherry-bounces" (shades of Louisa May Alcott) packed with joyous children and rather less joyous-looking monitors (and 'tresses) en route for holiday

CUCH a mass movement for the holidays is overwhelming. One wonders what happens when it gets mixed up with the popular Tour de France cycle race that also starts about the same time. At certain points they are sure to meet. One hopes it is not on the Pont d'Avignon!

After Dreux one had passing-space and once past Nogent-le-Rotrou (where, if one is given to that sort of thing, one can visit the twelfth-century château and the burial place of Sully) one has the road to oneself in patches! "In patches" because at whatever speed one is going oneself one is sure, in this country, to meet-or be overtaken by-strings of cars that appear to be strung together on an invisible cable. Zoom, zoom, zoom—they swooch by in a ghastly game of follow my leader and one is left feeling rather breathless and wondering how much varnish has been scraped off! In between whiles of course the highroads of this lovely country are as peaceful as a provincial town on Sundays.

The always surprising Concours du Conservatoire d'Art Dramatique have been even more exciting than usual this year. Possibly this is due to the fact that one of the most important



Mr. and Mrs. G. Z. de Ferranti, from Gawsworth Old Hall, Cheshire, with their daughter Jeanne aboard Lexa

Iges is known to be deaf. Indeed he has en stated that he "cannot even hear himself ak!" Before leaving Paris I was present at hearing of the candidates who have ended the tragedy classes. A first prize ans an immediate engagement at the médie Française. It is rarely awarded to any pil who has been less than the three-year urse at the conservatoire and for the last four ars there has been no award at all. Young tresses have not torn passion to tatters with fficient conviction to impress judges hardened the school of classical rodomontade.

who is only a second-year student, has card off the great prize. After a moment's ence, when the announcement was made, the orm burst and there were veritable reclings, withings and faintings in coils. Even Mlle. Innel seemed surprised at her own success. The need not have been. She is tall and dark, inely proportioned and has a regal deportment. Her eyes are wide-spaced, her voice grave and her gestures are seemly. Another year's study ould add nothing to all these qualities and she already possesses one of the greatest attributes that a tragic actress can hope to possess: Authority!

In the midst of the impassioned speech that she declaimed in the rôle of Agrippina her wig slipped awry. With an august gesture, and without a fault in her delivery, she set it straight. The audience did not dream of smiling. Only a Siddons or a Bernhardt could have achieved such majesty.

We may expect great things from Françoise Kanel.

### Les belles mystères

• Picasso's pictures resemble women. One likes them or one dislikes them, but one must not try to understand them.



### AT PORTOFINO

THIS beautiful little Italian harbour has attracted many new devotees this year. Among the visitors have been Mr. H. A. Andreae, of the Royal Yacht Squadron, seen with Mrs. Andreae on their yacht Idalia



Dr. Schloss

Mrs. Paul Bothner and Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Summers from Cape Town

Hugh Wakefield, the actor, enjoying his holiday at nearby Paraggi



American visitors. Mr. Alex Shatton, from Washington, D.C., with Mrs. Shatton





At the Theatre

### NO EVERESTS BY AVON

Ast year at Stratford we had Sir Laurence Olivier moving, stealthily penetrative, towards his vision of Macbeth as a soul in torment, the final apparition flaming across the darkness with terrifying power, and later wringing the heart with a marvellously simple Titus Andronicus. This was great acting, something that not even Stratford can be expected to keep constantly on tap, and the present season so far has produced nothing like it. Two tragedies have been done and two comedies, but the acting, though often fascinating in its technical virtuosity, has rarely managed to ring the emotional bells.

The Hamlet of Mr. Alan Badel is best written off as a misadventure—of the sort which has befallen many good actors at some time or another in their careers. Mr. Harry Andrews essays Othello. Perhaps the most marked characteristic of this actor is positiveness. While magnificently suited to a Bolingbroke this quality becomes a disadvantage to him when he is playing Othello. His performance is interesting chiefly for the immense technical skill which he draws on to conceal his temperamental lack of sympathy with the guileless Moor. Mr. Emlyn Williams is the Iago. He gives an entertaining and technically assured exhibition of transparent villainy, but an irritating touch of

showmanship has crept into his acting of late—it comes perhaps from his brilliant solo readings of Dickens and Dylan Thomas to the audiences of two continents; and in Iago, as in his Shylock, it is as though he were illustrating how these characters might be played rather than actually playing them.

ALL things considered it begins to look as if we shall remember this particular festival as Miss Margaret Johnston's. I have never seen a more enchanting Portia, and her Desdemona. in its different way, is equally wonderful. She gives us no mere *ingénue* but an ardent and courageous girl quite capable of having provoked the social shock of the marriage and completely dedicated to her unconventional love. There has been no more moving moment at Stratford this year than when this girl, who has preserved her Venetian airs and graces so long as she can, is struck into silent dismay by Othello's cruel blow in the face.

Not the acting but the producing is accountable for the comparative failure of *Love's Labour's Lost*. My heart goes out to Mr. Peter Hall. He must have

"LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST" (Memorial Theatre, Stratfordupon-Avon). Above: Rosaline (Jeannette Sterke), a spirited lady-in-waiting, Berowne (Alan Badel), a lover with an ironic turn of wit, and the Princess of France (Geraldine McEwan), whose royal missishness conceals a sense of mischief. Below: Holofernes (Mark Dignam), a pedant fairly bristling with scholastic mannerisms. The drawings are by Emmwood

had in his mind's eye the daunting vision of two memorable revivals of a comedy written off for years as unplayable. Mr. Peter Brook, on the Stratford stage, and Mr. Hugh Hunt, at the Old Vic, had both found different ways of showing that what had been taken for a fashionable piece of chop-logic was nothing of the sort. It was a lovely April comedy of youth imposing on itself a discipline that is quite beyond human nature to obey, rebelling from it into affectations of ecstasy and agony which do but expose them to "the tongues of mocking wenches" and being brought—by the sudden news of the death of the king—suddenly down to earth to learn that the condition of success in love is to come into touch with life. Mr. Hall, a producer as adventurous as he is sensitive, felt sure that there must be yet a third interpretation. He sought a course between the pictorial magic of Mr. Brook and the somewhat deeper toned treatment of Mr. Hunt; only to make his audience doubt the existence of a third way.

In effect Mr. Hall's reluctance to choose either of the known ways has forced him to fall back on the old conventional treatment which had been found not to work. He places the action not in the parkland where it clearly belongs but on a dull balustraded

terrace of Navarre's castle, and sets the verse a level speed wholly unsuited to its spirited elegance. The result is almost bound to be an empty, though pretty, masque.

Two actors stand out from the rest. Mr. Mark Dignam makes the obscurest personage in the play the most amusing. The learned mumbo-jumbo of the peremptory pedant gets funnier and funnier as it becomes more and more evident that it proceeds from a real man savouring with gusto his own vanity and ridiculousness. Mr. Clive Revell is excellent as the clownish Costard who cheerfully declines to be awed by his impressive company. And Miss Geraldine McEwan, almost alone among the romantics, is wholly and charmingly alive in her teasing mischievousness. Mr. Badel finds a somewhat too histrionic irony for Berowne.

In my notice of *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial* at the Hippodrome Mr. David Knight, who played the prisoner's attorney, and Mr. Nigel Stock, who played the prisoner, were regretfully assigned each other's parts.

-Anthony Cookman





### TO PLAY IN CHEKHOV

DIANA WYNYARD is celebrated for her sensitive acting in both tragedy and comedy and for the warm charm she brings to all her roles. She has appeared in several films, one of her latest parts being that of the sympathetic hospital matron in "The Feminine Touch." She returns to the West End stage on August 2 to play Madame Arcadina in Chekhov's "The Seagull," which John Clements is presenting for a limited season at the Saville Theatre



Miss Lavinia Coryton and Mr. John Poole standing against the heraldic designs in the hall

Lady Butler, wife of Col. Sir Thomas Butler, and Major E. A. Cooper-Key



The TATLER and Bystander JULY 25 1956 174



Sir Hugh Smiley, Lady Smiley, organizer of the ball, and Mrs. H. K. Andreae

### THE RED CROSS GIVE A HAMPSHIRE BAL

THE Hampshire Branch of the British Red Cros gave an enjoyable ball at Bramshill Park, nea Hartley Wintney. The house, originally built fo Henry, Prince of Wales, son of James I, is now use as a police college. Nearly four hundred guest danced in the tapestry-hung rooms, sat on th floodlit terrace or walked in the beautiful garden

Photographs by Desmond O'Neill



Miss Sylvia Stops, Mr. J. Price, Mrs. Owen Richards, Mr. E. Morgan, Miss Gillian Reilly and Mr. O. Richards



John Grotrian, who shoots in the Bramshill grounds, and Mrs. Grotrian



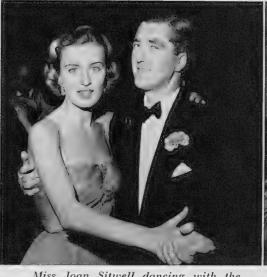
Mrs. Parkinson, Lady (Danvers) Osborn and Mr. Norman Parkinson



The Hon. Caroline Lawson-Johnson, Mr. H. Johnson and Mrs. M. MacEwan



Mr. Peter 1 vs. was in conversation with vs. E. Fishburn



Miss Joan Sitwell dancing with the Hon. Mory's Bruce



Mrs. William McNamara sitting out in company with Lord Reay

Peter Thistlethwayte and Miss Sally Harris in the ballroom

Brig. and Mrs. Duncan Dunn with Sir Duncan and Lady Grant

Miss Emily Abel-Smith, Mr. Fairfax Dunn and Mrs. W. L. Abel-Smith









U.S.-RUSSIAN RELATIONS take a hilarious turn in *The Iron Petticoat* when a Soviet flier (Katharine Hepburn) becomes involved with an American lieutenant (Bob Hope). Other players include Nicholas Phipps and Noelle Middleton, seen below

### At the Pictures

### HOW A WEDDING SHOULD NOT BE ARRANGED

Elspeth Grant

If to sit in on other people's family rows affords you exquisite pleasure, then *Wedding Breakfast* is the very film for you. It left me lacerated.

Mr. Paddy Chayesky, who wrote *Marty*, is responsible for the story and once again he holds the mirror up to lower-middle-class human nature with a steady hand: he looks on tempests in teacups and is never shaken—and I wish I could do the same.

Perhaps one has, in fact, no call to suffer over the domestic strife of a Bronx taxi-driver (Mr. Ernest Borgnine), his dull-eyed dumpling wife (Miss Bette Davis) and their woeful, worried daughter (Miss Debbie Reynolds): certainly the suburban audience with whom I saw the picture acknowledge none. While I was ready to cry, "Hold, enough!" or "Lemme outa here!" about halfway through, my neighbours sat it out to the bittersweet end with cheerful laughs, happy nudges and delighted whispers of "That's how Fred's mother takes on!" and "Isn't she the dead spit of Auntie Lil?" This leads me to believe





DISAGREEMENTS IN THE FAMILY over the nuptial arrangements is the theme of Wedding Breakfast which stars Ernest Borgnine, Bette Davis and Debbie Reynolds

that I must have led an altogether much too sheltered life. Miss Reynolds, looking as if she'll never smile again, tells her parents, over breakfast in their drab flat by the railroad, that she's getting married to Mr. Rod Taylor. "That's nice," says Miss Davis, in a voice so flat it might have been put through the mangle. Miss Reynolds adds that she wants a very small, quiet wedding—only the immediate family present. Mr. Borgnine, who has saved up just enough money to invest in a cab of his bwn, nods approvingly as he slurps his coffee: a quiet wedding uits him fine.

THEN Miss Davis gets to thinking: people will see something suspicious about a quick, quiet wedding, or will assume it has en dictated by poverty—and Uncle Jack (Mr. Barry Fitzerald) will take darkest umbrage if he, who has slept on a shakeown in the sitting-room for the past twelve years, is not invited. won't do at all: Miss Reynolds will have to have a splashy white edding and a slap-up wedding breakfast with two hundred tests, whether she wants it or not and whether or not it totally ins Mr. Borgnine.

Despite her daughter's tearful protests and her husband's rious bellowings, Miss Davis, relentless as a bulldozer, goes ead with her fantastic plans. At last the poor prospective bride n stand it no more: trembling with rage, she screams the use down. Miss Davis, declaring that her head's splitting, as ll it might be, with all the bickering and wrangling, throws her hand: Miss Reynolds can have her quiet wedding. The lal twist to what I felt to be a painful little story has a certain im charm.

Mr. Richard Brooks's admirable direction and the supertively good acting persuade one that all the characters are il—all, that is to say, except Uncle Jack, who's there to provide mic relief and is played by Mr. Fitzgerald as an ould Dublin by leprechaun. The film is undoubtedly a slice of life—but it's ne I wouldn't want to have served up to me as a regular diet.

if you expect *The Baby And The Battleship* to be anything but a farce, you will be disappointed—but with that title, what also could it possibly be?

After a night ashore at Naples, in the cocky company of his chum, Mr. Richard Attenborough, Mr. John Mills, a simple naval rating, finds himself stuck with a small Italian baby. He smuggles it aboard his ship which is lying in the harbour, stows it in a hammock—and wakes next morning to find the ship has unexpectedly sailed, leaving Mr. Attenborough ashore to explain the baby's disappearance as best he can to its frantic parents.

The battleship is on manoeuvres, to be watched by a visiting beyond-the-Iron-Curtain marshal (Mr. Andre Morell), and Mr. Mills knows there will be the dickens to pay if the baby's presence is discovered. He enlists the co-operation of his messmates in keeping it secret—and from then on every gag that you could possibly anticipate when a group of clumsy men set about mothering a babe-in-arms is given a break. Mr. Mills knitting tiny garments gets the biggest laugh.

Everybody works like mad and mugs like fun to make this what is known as a rollicking farce. Only the baby, Master Martyn Garrett, an absolute poppet, plays it straight—allowing himself just an occasional dry chuckle at the antics of his elders.



CITY OF DISILLUSIONED MEN is the theme of The Heroes Are Tired, a powerful story of the inhabitants of a young republic in Africa. Below: Yves Montand as a French Air Force hero and possessor of stolen diamonds. Above: Elizabeth Manet who plays Nina, a young Paris hairdresser, now the wife of a coloured citizen



The TATLER and Bystander, JULY 25, 1956 178



A GEORGE BERNARD SHAW CENTENARY is being celebrated on the 28th of this month. The great dramatist, born in Dublin in 1856, died on November 2, 1950, in the dining-room of Shaw's Corner, his Hertfordshire home in Ayot St. Lawrence. The above picture, taken just before his ninetieth birthday, shows him contemplating two of the works of his favourite sculptor Paul Troubetskoy, one a self-portrait, which are still there for visitors to see

Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

### THE SILVER CORD THAT STRANGLES

The "sacrificed" daughter was a popular Victorian fiction subject, and, in real life (then) a real enough tragedy. The victims of the *regime* are still amongst us, in the form of elderly spinster ladies who, though romance once did come their way, did not marry because it would have been "selfish" to leave Papa or Mamma. Many are now exceedingly hard up; for the same scruple forbade them to seek profession or occupation.

Has our own generation these living victims? Thanks to changes, one might imagine not. Yet **The Secret River**, by C. H. B. Kitchin (Secker & Warburg, 16s.), has a heroine in exactly such a position. And the time is ours, the scene contemporary.

MR. KITCHIN could not be better qualified to make his Harriet, and her predicament, convincing. This masculine novelist has already shown—in Streamers Waving, The Sensitive One, Olive E. and The Auction Sale—his almost uncanny gift for portraying women. Also, as you will remember, Mr. Kitchin has a second literary field: the detective story. His Death Of My Aunt and Crime At Christmas are now classics. I do not think this irrelevant—for, though this mother-and-daughter novel we are discussing contains no violence and is not a thriller, it gains by having a masterly build-up, and not a detail in it has failed to tell. Human behaviour—you will agree?—is often deeply mysterious. One needs clues to it. And clues (psychological, in this case) are inserted into The Secret River. One must not overlook them.

Shown by a lesser writer than Mr. Kitchin, Harriet Ashworth *might* seem improbable—in the light, that is, of our own free-living day. Here is a young woman of noble nature, potentially lively, attractive and energetic, whose gifts and capacities run to waste

Outwardly, she's a fairly typical member of the English upper-middle class. Normally, she would have first taken a job, then married; or, if the right man had not offered himself, would have led an amusing, rewarding bachelor-

MISS ANNIE OAKLEY,
THE PEERLESS LADY WING-SHOT.

ANNIE OAKLEY, the famous lady crack shot from *Buffalo Bill And The Wild West* by Victor Weybright and Henry Blackman Sell (Hamish Hamilton, 35s. net), which is a new pictorial biography of the last of the great scouts

woman life. As it is—as shown us by Mr Kitchin—Harriet leads a shadowy, ignomini ous half-life, in the orbit of a really appalling mother.

Mrs. Ashworth—later Lady Martrenne—is, all the same, a masterpiece. She is not a tyrant, she's a clinging silly, whose techniquis, "What should I do without you?" Thos few of us who have not met her kind ar fortunate. Their hold is, usually, on thei husbands—whose friends marvel that man can endure so much. Fate, in the course of thi particular story, cuts short this lady's two marriages: twice widowed, she therefore turn to her daughter. Anybody who at this time o year has worked along a disordered row o sweet peas, or tried to unthrottle delphinium from rank convolvulus, will realize what one plant can do to another. Human beings, given a chance, do worse.

Lady Martrenne's sheer goosiness, her capacity for making grotesque mistakes, her shy-making self-exposures, her social enormities and, alas, when it comes to gambling, her outright crookedness—these, exactly these, give her her hold on Harriet. Left alone for a minute, Lady Martrenne gets neck-deep into some further scrape. She offends her friends, she alienates her family. For some time the General (her second husband) succeeds in keeping this charmer out of mischief: his death leaves her propensities unchecked. An attempt to adhere to a gay young set (younger than she is, and coolly brutal) ends in humiliation. On this follows the Sussex fiasco—in vain, in vain does Lady Martrenne set up to be squire-ess.

Next, with Harriet bound to her chariot wheel, Lady Martrenne heads for the South of France—a cheap hotel (for the Sussex mistake was costly) and a "set" of titled out shady cosmopolitans. The Monte Carlo disgrace puts an end to that, and anyhow, the war

would have supervened. World War Twowhich did at least emancipate numbers of home-ridden young women-merely binds this poor girl more closely to her panicky mother and widens the gulf between her and her own age-group: humiliatingly exiled in Herefordshire, the two share the hard lot of other bomb refugees. That this is odious to Harriet, one need hardly say. The chapter called "The Wilderness" is excellent.

The Secret River's title is drawn from a sideshow of that name at an exhibition. The schoolgirl outing (made feverish by the approach of measles) provides a symbol which runs through Harriet's life. . . . I feel it a tribute to this novel to say, I was filled with fury and anguish by finding my copy-lacked 32 pages: Nos. 161 to 192 had, somehow, been omitted in binding. No word of The Secret River can one afford to miss—so I hope none of you readers will share my ill-luck.

DIRE but interesting little volume is Letters From A Portuguese Nun (Hamish Hamilton, 8s. 6d.). Not by any means written for publication, these five missives first saw daylight, in French, in France in 1669: they became best sellers. Now, put into English by Lucy Norton, they reach us as a translation of a canslation—the Portuguese originals are lost. ne Introduction to this new English edition is Raymond Mortimer, who says:

Desperate love has never been voiced more vingly.... Outside her country she has in more widely and continuously read than y other Portuguese; and her compatriots k these letters, few as they are, among the ries of their literature."

First-rate analysis of prolonged emotional my these indeed are-and with reason. riana Alcoforado, at the age of twenty-five, s first seduced then deserted by a French cer, Noël Bouton de Chamilly, Comte de nt-Leger who, while taking part in Louis V's campaign against the Spanish in tugal, somehow gained access to the convent. desertion itself, one fears, was but nan nature. For myself, I feel that very nsity—that lack of interest in anything feeling—which made Mariana so eloquent tter-writer, would have made her oppressive long-term companion.

hrough the anguish runs a desperate rt at self-control, a longing for peace of nd-now lost, it seems, for ever. It is resting to note that though Mariana's ow-nuns in the convent were well aware of broken vows, she met no harsh treatment: ead, compassion. Her long later life was, learn, dedicated to repentance, and she died

anctity.

ENNA during the Occupation is the scene of Time Right Deadly, by Sarah Grainham (Arthur Barker, 11s. 6d.), a tense and original first novel. The mystery surrounding the violent death of Julian Dryden, too-attractive young journalist, has, as background, the still greater mystery of his secret life. Julian's love affair with delightful Ellen Perrott, wife of a diplomat, is overshadowed by Ellen's growing suspicion—and the two are moving and breathing in tainted air. The tragedy of Vienna, the awful corruption of her postwar years, have been movingly pictured by Miss Grainham: who, one feels certain, knows her subject—she has, we learn, for years lived in Central Europe, as the wife of a foreign correspondent.

I admire her characterization, in particular -all the men and women in Time Right Deadly are at once unusual and convincing. And, unlike many writers who deal in "atmosphere," she knows how to keep her plot well in hand. The dénouement was (by me) quite unexpected.



"THE FAMILY OF MAN," a photographic exhibition opening for a four weeks' season at the Festival Hall on August 2, was devised by Edward Steichen, of the Museum of Modern Art, N.Y. The above picture of a child playing with a bubble by Gjon Mili and (below) a boy with his dog by Clemens Kalischer are both entitled "U.S.A."





# Autumn on the horizon

 ${f B}^{\rm OTH}$  designers and the fashion conscious have to be a leap ahead of the seasons. Here, then, is a brief glimpse of the tweed suits for cooler days which have been designed for this coming autumn and which will take you through the winter. From Liberty's comes a fitted suit (left) in a soft lilac coloured tweed, perfect for the season of mists. Price 16 gns. The hat is in white taiho and costs £1 2s. 6d. (Right) Matita's grey latticeweave tweed suit, with a shorter-than-usual jacket, a casually defined waistline and low placed pockets. The skirt is pencil slim. Below is the same suit with its matching stole, lined with red jersey. Suit and stole  $29\frac{1}{2}$  gns. from Woollands





Michel Molinare

Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

Fashion Editress



The TATLER and Bystander, JULY 25, 1956 182

BLACK and whit tweed outfi (left) by Ledoux It consists of loose jacket fitte at the hips, when it buttons on the side, and long tapered trouser

AN IDEA for keeping the hair in place, from Jacques Heim: a pale blue jersey pullo er, zip fronted with a band round the hips which has a hood

ACHIEVING STYLE AGAINST ODDS

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## EVENING VISION

THE full evening gown, contrasting in line and colour, gives a foretaste of the increased sumptuousness and formality which autumn will bring. The lovely ball gown in gleaming white duchesse satin with a high, straight neckline (right) has a wide sweeping skirt with a deep metal-embroidered insert. Price  $68\frac{1}{2}$  gns. Then there is a black-over-white motif, slim sophisticated gown with a definite Empire look (left). It is in pure silk basra, with the shoulder straps and band in black velvet. Price 291 gns. Both by Frederick Starke and stocked by Debenham and Freebody, who also have the white fox fur stole and sparkling rhinestone jewellery. All the pictures were taken in the house and garden of Mr. Oliver Messel, by his nephew Tony Armstrong Jones





A most attractive Italian wool stole, in an eye-catching lattice pattern. The colours are pink and black. It costs 59s. 11d. and is obtainable from Marshall & Snelgrove, Oxford Street





# A Mediterranean Miscellany

HERE are some light-hearted additions to summer excursions by the sea. Most of them have the Italian flavour, which is at its best in gay play clothes and slightly bizarre and unusual accessories to accompany them

--JEAN CLELAND

Two pairs of sunglasses to take the glare away and enhance looks at the same time. Top, blue and white check frames, price £1 15s.; below, black and gold "hands" for frames, £4 17s. 6d. From Woollands



e and below are two beautiful scarves designed sively for Jacqmar by Peter Scott, who has never re used his wildfowl designs for scarves or s. They can be bought at £2 9s. 6d. each



Above, blue and white straw and tape hat, £2 17s. 6d., and beach hat in orange and white tape, 84s. Below, by Emilio Pucci, "trilby" (left) £2 12s. 6d., hand-painted hat £1 19s. 6d. All from Woollands





Dennis Smith



Beauty

## Your place in the sun

Jean Cleland



DECENTLY I enjoyed some lovely sunbathing. Not, alas, on the Riviera, as I did this time last year, but strange as it may seem, in hospital, where I was recovering from a dose of what the doctors call "overdoing things."

My room was as ideal a spot in which to be ill as one would be likely to find this side of the Channel. Overlooking one of Putney's green open spaces known as Commondale, it had large windows through which the sun poured in more than Oriental splendour. Every morning I basked in glorious enveloping warmth. With my eyes closed, I could very easily have imagined myself in the South of France, had it not been for the nurses, who at stated intervals recalled me to reality with requests to swallow a pill, suck a thermometer, or let them make the bed.

Tiresome as these interruptions might seem, they were indeed a boon and a safeguard. Why? Because at no time was I ever allowed to bask too long, which is something that all sun wor-

shippers are tempted to do.

THE greatest danger to all those who love hot sunshine is the urge to abandon themselves to it, with no protection, and no thought for the results, which are not only unbecoming, but often extremely painful. Here, then, is a little well-timed advice to those of you who are just about to go on holiday and follow the sun abroad, or hope for it at home.

Don't be a glutton. Take the sunshine gradually, increasing the

dose each day. This way safety lies. Once you are used to it, you can indulge more freely. If you want a becoming warm golden tan, remember that gently does it. When you come in from the heat, do not wash your face. Refresh it instead with a soft cleansing cream.

Hot sun is apt to dry out the essential oils, so it is important to keep your skin well nourished. Massage it night and morning with a really rich skinfood, and if there is any sign of excessive dryness, mix a little healing cream with the skinfood. Elizabeth Arden's 8-hour Cream is an excellent one for the purpose. Dry patches can be cured by massaging them with this cream alone.



For an even golden tan on the beach or in your own garden, Elizabeth Arden's "Suntan Lotion" is ideal

Now for the question of protection. In these days, there really is no need for red "V's," inflamed arms, burning

cheeks and peeling noses. The various protective preparations on the market really do prevent all these ills, provided they are used regularly and intelligently.

During my sunbathing session in Putney, I asked for any new protective preparations to be sent to me there. They duly

arrived, and I have had great fun trying them out.

First of all let me tell you of Elizabeth Arden's new "Suntan Lotion," which has much to commend it. It is cooling, greaseless, invisible and waterproof. The lotion itself isn't new, but its presentation is, for it now comes in a new aerosol container with a spray action. For the body, hold the container close to the skin and spray any exposed parts. For the face, spray the lotion in the palm of the hand, and then apply to the skin, to avoid accidentally spraying into the eyes.

If your skin is delicate and dry, I suggest you try Charles of the Ritz "Sun Bronze." This is incorporated with the original Charles of the Ritz Revenescence Moisture Cream, which in actual fact makes for a double action. While the protective lotion filters out the harmful rays, the Revenescence keeps the skin fresh and supple, and replaces the moisture as soon as the

Just on the market in time for the summer season, are two brand new products by Innoxa. One is "Tanspray," a sun tan preparation with a difference. It is a lovely soft oil, wonderfully soothing to the skin. This not only guards against burning, but it encourages an even tan. What is more it contains an insect repellent, which, if you are one of those who attract the gnats, should be greatly appreciated. Innoxa have also brought out a new "Tan Oil" for those who like applying oil to the body by rubbing it on in the conventional way.

## It's more than skin care...



## ...it's the way you feel

It begins as you deep-cleanse with Dry Skin Cleansing Cream (Liquefying Cleansing Cream, if your skin is greasy). Then luxuriously you smooth in Vitamin Night Cream. Easy to see from the pampered look of your skin next day how much good it does. And how delicious to freshen up at times with Yardley Cleansing Milk! It makes you feel cool, clean, and gives your make-up a fresh start. Cleansing Cream 8/10 and 5/7. Cleansing Milk 10/3 and 6/3. Night Cream 9/3 and 6/3.



YARDLEY Vitamin Night Cream

Miss Anna Romaine Gervis Green, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Green, of Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, and grand-daughter of Mrs. Gervis, of Shepway, Seaford, is to marry Mr. Michael Edward Lovelace Melluish, son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Melluish, of Northwood, Middlesex

## THEY ARE ENGAGED



Miss Helena Rose-Richards, elder daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Tim Rose-Richards and niece of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Newgass, of Seaborough Court, Beaminster, is engaged to Capt. David Harries, 10th Royal Hussars, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. B. Harries, of Ampney St. Peter, Cirencester



Miss Judith Mary Draper, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Draper, of York House, Upper Montagu Street, Marylebone, London, W.l., has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Philip John Geering, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Geering, of Patricks, Hawkhurst, near Cranbrook, Kent



Miss Fiona Margaret McDermid, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John McDermid, of Winterbourne, Edenbridge, Kent, is engaged to Mr. Hilary Duppa Miller, eldest son of Mr. John Miller, G.C., of Nakuru, Kenya Colony, and of the Hon. Mrs. Barbara Miller, of Milner Street, London, S.W.3



Wickens—Forrester. The marriage took place between Mr. Robert Wickens, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Wickens, of Charlwood, Surrey, and Miss Lydia Mary Forrester, the daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. P. M. Forrester, of Harrow House, Charlwood, at Charlwood Parish Church



Houston—Chadwick. The wedding took place at St. Philip's Church, Naro Moru, Kenya, of Mr. Cecil Houston, second son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Houston, of Belfast, Northern Ireland, and Miss Ianthe Chadwick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Chadwick, of Nanyuki and Thomson's Falls, Kenya

# THEY WERE MARRIED



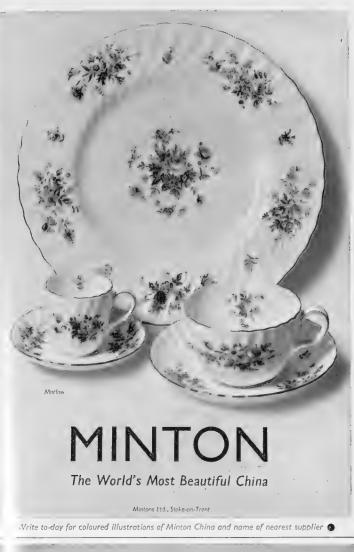
Clayton—Leveson-Gower. Mr. Samuel W. Clayton, son of the late Brig.-Gen. Sir G. Clayton, and of Lady Clayton, of Hampton Court Palace, married Lady Mary Leveson-Gower, daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Earl Granville, and of Countess Granville, of Kirriemuir, Angus, at the Chapel Royal, Hampton Court

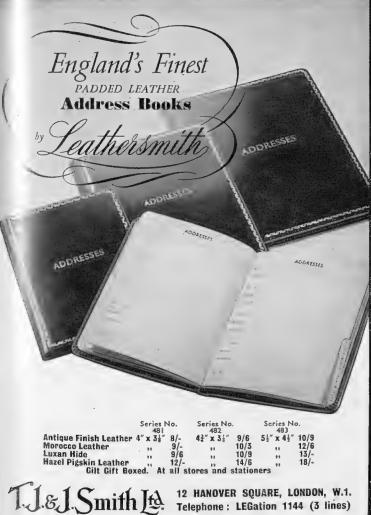


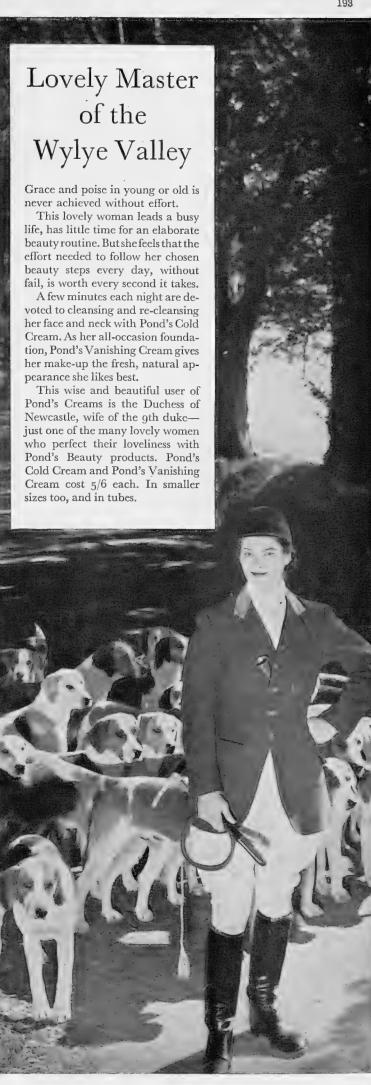
Armytage—Williams. Mr. Maurice J. R. Armytage, son of Capt. R. W. Armytage, R.N., and Mrs. Armytage, of Foxleaze, Limpley Stoke, near Bath, married Miss Brioni Williams, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Williams, of Shernfold Park, Frant, at St. Alban's Church, Frant, Sussex



Howard—Portnell. Mr. David Francis Howard, R.A., son of Capt. F. Howard, R.N. (Retd.), and Mrs. Howard, of The First House, Rye, Sussex, was married to Miss Diana Elizabeth Portnell, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. H. B. Portnell, of Halton Grange, Wall, Northumberland







#### Motoring

## A TOURIST COMPLAINT

It has often been necessary to refer to the discomforts and drawbacks of touring in the United Kingdom compared with the Continent of Europe. One aspect of this difference was brought forcibly to my notice at the time of the British Grand Prix. Full information about our hotels and inns is lamentably lacking.

When I learnt that the hotel at which I usually stay at Silverstone-time was full, I drew a circle of about ten miles radius on the map with centre at the circuit and tried to find the names of the places within it where a room for at least three days (for I wished to attend the practising) might be engaged. It was obviously useless to telephone to the well-known hotels, for they are nearly always booked up at the times of the big race meetings. But the six works of reference I consulted gave me no other information.

A vague recollection of three or four good-looking little places close to Buckingham came to mind, but neither the A.A. nor the R.A.C. books mentioned them. The books prepared by the touring and hotel people were equally reticent. My Ordnance Survey map had the word "Inn" at dozens of villages. Yet these official reference works had no relevant entry. It is good, no doubt, to learn that the "remains of a castle" or that a "picturesque maypole on the green" may be seen; but the harshly practical problem of where to get bed and

breakfast should not be ignored.

AT such times one longs more than ever for a British "Michelin." The hotel and touring organizations are seriously at fault in not providing more comprehensive information. In England, it must be remembered, such information is more needed than on the Continent. There are the licensing laws for instance, against which the tourist from abroad should be warned.

Many foreigners are still under the impression that England is a free country. They do not know

that the moment they land, their drinking habits become the concern of the police and the courts; that hotels and inns have different kinds of licences, each one with its own complicated set of restrictions. It is no good putting in a reference work the letter "L" or the letters "CL" alongside the name of an inn. A simple explanation should be given of the limitations and unpleasantnesses of licences and of conditional licences.

May I beg one of the great motoring organizations to take on a team of specialists and draw up a complete and trustworthy



THE SUNBEAM RAPIER TEAM which took part in the International Alpine Rally, photographed in Paris during their journey southward. The competitor's baggage was carried by the Humber Hawk estate car (extreme right)



COUNTESS MOUNTBATTEN at the "Horse to Helicopter" exhibition at Marlborough House, with Miss G. M. Goddon, President of the Royal College of Nursing, for which the Exhibition was held. With them are Mr. D.J. Penrose, Mr. W. E. Eley and Col. G. W. Courtney (right), all Rootes Group executives

record of the places in this country where you can stay and where you can eat and where you can drink—and when. It would be a huge and expensive task; but if we want visitors to escape apoplexy, it is a necessary one.

The troubles through which the motor industry has been passing have had the usual result of turning attention to the prospects of technical innovation. It is by introducing engineering noveltic that a stimulus to buying is given and the spirit of industric optimism regained. The scope for technical novelty, however, i much restricted. Citroën, in the DS 19, have done almost all the can be done with the existing type of power unit.

They have found a new and better form of suspension in their oleo-pneumatic arrangement and they have integrated power controls by applying hydraulic boost to steering, braking and gear changing. Their engine only wants direct injectic to be as advanced as any. Beyond the DS 19, the there must be basic power unit innovation and he we have two possibilities, some form of free pistonengine and the turbine.

My personal view is that, although the free piston engine has great potentialities, it will never be seen as a standard power unit in any widely used car. The turbine, on the other hand, will, I thing

be the power unit of the future.

What has been done with the turbine? The Americans has been running one or two turbine cars, but mainly, it would see for publicity purposes. On the other hand they have done must genuine pioneer work with turbine-engined lorries. The French has done some preliminary experimental work with the Renault car.

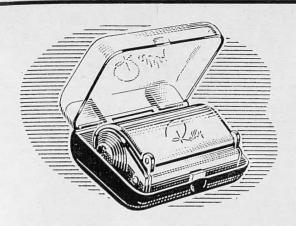
This is the car for which M. Fernand Picard, who is a locomotion engineer, was mainly responsible. Its power unit is the Turboméca Turmo, a unit designed by my friend Mr. Szydlows if and capable of giving more than 250 shaft horse-power. The Renault made a stir when it was run at Montlhéry and presumably development work on it is continuing.

In England the turbine car made its first appearance long ago. This was the Rover, which made its début at Silverstone, and which was shown to be capable of high speed. Rover are said to have made considerable progress with the basic problems of a turbine car since then; but there is as yet no sign that they are near offering such a car to the public.

The threatened recession in the motor industry, however, might easily thrust the turbine car forward faster than was expected. The Austin turbo-car has done much development running. Either Rover or Austin might negotiate the final hurdle soon. That final hurdle is an appropriate, lightweight, small size heat-exchanger. No car could work on the ordinary roads if it were throwing out vast quantities of waste heat in the exhaust. The right heat-exchanger would eliminate that waste and make the turbo-car practical.

The technically minded, then, look for good to come out of evil and hope that the troubles in the motor industry will be evaded or repaired by notable technical innovations.

-Oliver Stewart



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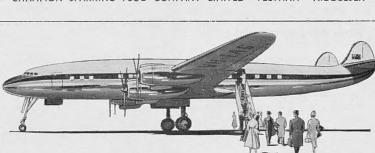
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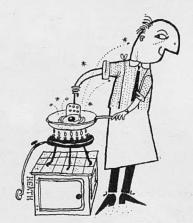


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#### DINING IN

## Ideas from Denmark

From the moment I embarked on a Danish ship at Harwich until my return from a recent visit to Denmark, I was conscious of utter cleanliness—and how refreshing that is, both for comfort and, where food is concerned, reassurance!

The high standard of living in that little country (about one-third the size of England alone) depends largely on its agriculture, in which one-fifth of the population is engaged and which accounts for something like two-thirds of the value of all Danish exports. This year is the Golden Jubilee of the quality-labelling of these products and the establishment of the "Lur" mark as symbolic of all that is best in bacon and dairy products, great supplies of which reach us. Incidentally, the Lur is the old Vikings' horn and dates back to the fifth century.

Let me pass this information on to you: Much of the Danish butter we see here left Denmark as Lur quality but has had to be re-worked to turn it into \(\frac{1}{2}\)-lb. greaseproof paper packets. This re-working is not good for it, so now I ask for butter packed in Denmark in greaseproof paper-lined aluminium wrapping and bearing the Lur mark, and know that it will taste just as it should.

When we think of Danish food we think first of Smørrebrød, and how wonderful that is! These open-faced sandwiches have been developed to such an extent that, in one restaurant in Copenhagen, there are as many as two hundred different presentations. Even in a Danish home, however, a table set with Smørrebrød has to be seen to be believed. And it is such an easy kind of course or even meal to prepare, that we here might do well to "have a go" at it. Slices of almost any kind of cold cooked meat, many kinds of cooked fish (especially herring in many different forms), cooked eggs and vegetable salads are placed on the thinnest buttered slices of rye bread, either by themselves or in certain combinations.

The simplest "spread" may be a slice of ham with cold scrambled egg on top. More elaborate is ham with young pigeon's breast and mushrooms cooked in butter. On slices of ham, too, you can place various salads—the usual Russian one, for instance, or an Italian salad of cooked peas, diced cooked carrots and diced beetroot, well mixed with mayonnaise, which takes on a pleasing pinky tone. To top all, you may have wafer-thin curls of horse-radish which, strangely enough, is not at all "hot" with the mixture. These "curls" are a feature of many of the toppings of Smørrebrød.

I suggest you try the following (which I really did enjoy, although I would never have believed it!): On buttered slices of rye bread (or brown bread) place fillets of smoked herring (buckling would do as well). Make a small hollow in the centre, place an onion ring on it and into that drop a raw egg yolk. At one end of the "sandwich," arrange chopped raw onion and at the other end wafer-thin slices of radishes.

into that drop a raw egg yolk. At one end of the "sandwich," arrange chopped raw onion and at the other end wafer-thin slices of radishes. Another topping is raw beef—what I call "Steak Tartare." Spread scraped lean raw beef, half an inch thick, on buttered rye bread. Again, hollow the centre and drop a raw egg yolk in it. Surround with groups of capers, chopped raw onion, chopped pickled cucumbers and ribbons of horse-radish.

Smoked eels are wonderful "bread-toppers." Skin and bone the fish. Cut and flatten pieces the length of the bread on which they are to be placed. Cover them with cold scrambled egg and sprinkle chopped chives on top. This does not sound exciting, perhaps—but do try it!

These days, when television so often interferes with or, at least, interrupts a "normal" evening meal, Smørrebrød is the answer to the problem, "What to serve?"

-Helen Burke

#### DINING OUT

## For mice and men

I AM constantly hounded and surrounded and bombarded with cheese; there is no escape. As D. B. Wyndham Lewis might put it: "The cheese boys are certainly on the job."

If I am asked to the opening of a new bar at Waterloo station, I find it is to glorify cheese; if I turn up at a port tasting, I find that every port is accompanied by a different cheese; and at a recent sherry party there was more cheese than sherry.

At a Wine and Food Society luncheon held at Ye Olde Felbridge Hotel at East Grinstead, which prepares and presents good food and wine in a proper manner, I found they too had cheese mites in the belfry, offering over twenty, some of which I had never heard, such as Le Beau Pasteur, Burrini and Smoked Trappist.

To cap all this and obviously at a most appropriate time, a party was given in the cheese cellars of Auguste Noël to celebrate the publication of a book called *Cheeses Of The World* by André Simon (Faber and Faber, London; 30s.). Over fifty varieties were on show and eight available to taste, accompanied by an Alsatian wine, port, beer and stout. The book is a mighty mass of information about more than 500 cheeses from all over the world, and is altogether a first-class and extremely useful publication.

To was amusing to recollect while taking cheese and wine at this party that less than twenty-four hours previously I had been taking cheese and wine with André in Scotland.

We had been invited to visit the Drambuie Distillery in Edinburgh, and the fact that André had to be at the cheese party the next day made it necessary to fly there and back in the day, and this we did.

We were shown round this hive of industry by William Davidson, the managing director, and his nephew, Norman McKinnon, whose ancestor, one of the McKinnons of Strathaird, had helped Bonnie Prince Charlie to escape to France in 1746 and who as a reward received the secret formula of the Prince's personal liqueur—"An Dram Buidheach." Gaelic being a bit difficult for most people, Malcolm McKinnon used the word "Drambuie" when in 1906 he decided to produce the liqueur commercially, rapidly making it world famous. A vast proportion of the immense number of cases in the despatch sheds were destined for the U.S.A., so it must be doing a good job for the export trade.

We even went into the holy of holies and were shown the box of

We even went into the holy of holies and were shown the box of flasks which contained the essence made from the secret formula which gives Drambuie its character and flavour, the formula being known only to Mrs. Gena McKinnon, Norman's mother, and which she alone prepares. Four small flasks are sufficient to create the quintessence of 1,200 gallons of Drambuie, so you can judge its immense potency.

It was to Mrs. McKinnon's Scottish mansion outside Linlithgow that we were taken to lunch—a fine home with glorious views, standing in hundreds of acres of her own land, and with true Scottish hospitality we had a magnificent lunch.

-I. Bickerstaff

MR. WILLIAM DAVIDSON, managing director of the Drambuie Liqueur Company, gives André Simon a sniff of the secret essence, the formula of which was given originally by Prince Charles Edward to the McKinnon family for services rendered. Since then the secret has been handed down the family, and at the present time only Mrs. Gena McKinnon knows the formula or the liqueur







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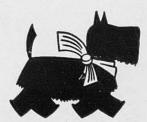
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